Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold.
Say, is my Kingdome lost? Why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serue God,
Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiectes? that we can not mende,
They breake their fayth to God as well as vs:
Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so armde
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the siluer Riuers drowne their shores.
As if the world were all dissolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright steele, and hearts harder then steele:
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps
Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy Crowne,
Thy very beadsmen learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe against thy state.
Yea distaffe women manage rustie billes:
Against thy seate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King. To well, to well thou telst a tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.

King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs

Dogs easily woonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that sting my heart;
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweete loue's (I see) changing to his property
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate.
Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made,
With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scro. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man speake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose Executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrooks,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that small modell of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste and couer to our bones.
For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which walles a bout our life,

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